

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 3.

The Bumble Bee's Ball.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARKE IN "GOLDEN DAYS."

Twas on Midsummer night that Miss Bumble-Bee
Was to hold her annual ball.

"Indeed, it will be quite a crush," said she,
"And I hope it will pass off successfully,
I've invited the insects all."

Old Grandfather Graybeard came nimbly along
On his legs so limber and light,
And the Night-Moth cheerfully hummed a song,
And hoped the breeze would not blow too strong,
As she fluttered her robes of white.

The three Misses Katydid dressed in green,
Came skipping along quite gay,
And a number of Ants in black were seen,
Looking very haughty and cold of mien,
In the midst of the festive array.

The Fire-Flies swung their lamps on high,
As the dance was about to begin,
And a little black Cricket, who looked quite spry,
Hopping up on a stalk of the bending rye,
Began scraping his violin.

The slim-waisted Wasp was admired by all,
As he danced with his cousin, Miss Bee,
And the Butterfly fair was the queen of the ball,
As she floated about through the dancing-hall
In a dress that was lovely to see.

Mr. June-Bug was dancing, quite jolly and gay,
With a Beetle all dressed in brown,
And the only mishap was that Grasshopper Gray
Chanced to stumble a bit as he made his *chassez*,
And trod on Miss Dragon-Fly's gown.

Mr. Blue-Bottle danced with a Mantis fair,
In a frock of emerald green,
The Field-Mouse looked round with a startled air,
But seeing the guests were beginning to stare,
He led out the Butterfly Queen.

Refreshments were served, quite tastefully, too,
On the fronds of the Lady Fern,
And cup-moss goblets of sparkling dew,
The very best wine that ever you knew,
Were passed to each guest in turn.

The music and dancing began once more,
And the hours sped merrily by,
Till the Wood-Tick announced it was half-past four
By the little invisible timepiece he wore,
And the dawn was streaking the sky.

And away they hastened to bid adieu
To the hostess who smiled on all,
And each guest declared that he never knew
Such a charming time the whole year through
As the merry midsummer ball.

The Dicky Bird Society in England

Now has about 80,000 boy and girl members, and this is what they promise:—"I hereby promise to be kind to all living things, to protect them to the utmost of my power, to feed the birds in the winter time, and never to take or destroy a nest. I also promise to get as many boys and girls as possible to join the Dicky Bird Society."

Blinders.

Over a large portion of Europe BLINDERS are not used. They give carriage horses the same use of their eyes there which we give saddle horses, cavalry horses and artillery horses here.

In Russia, where blinders are not used, a shying horse is almost unheard of. In Boston a large portion of our car and other horses are now driven without blinders.

A Good Test.

"In my opinion animals are color-blind."
"I don't believe it."
"I do. I have been trying some experiments which convinced me that none of our domestic animals can distinguish colors."
"Try another and you'll change your mind."
"What's that?"
"Put on a red shawl and walk through a field where a bull is."

—Chicago Ledger.

Male Vanity.

It was at a ball, and the subject under discussion was vanity. A lady maintained that men were also given somewhat to vanity. "The men are ten times more vain than the ladies," she remarked. "That's impossible," said several gentlemen. The subject changed, and a few minutes later the lady remarked: "The handsomest man in the room has a spot on his white vest," whereupon every gentleman within hearing glanced down at his vest.

—Texas Siftings.

Two Blue Bottle Flies.

Sometimes even a very slight knowledge of natural history is of great practical use. As an illustration, we give a fact recently told by a naturalist.

A gentleman, making a call at the house of a friend, was astonished to find the rooms and passages in confusion; and, on inquiring the cause, was answered:

"Oh, we are very much annoyed here; a rat has come to finish his existence under the floor of our large drawing room. We do not know the exact place, but we cannot endure the stench any longer, so we have removed the furniture, rolled up the carpets, and called in the carpenters, who are just beginning to take up the floor."

"Now don't be too hasty," said the visitor; "you need not pull up more than one board. I will show you what I mean presently; and meanwhile, shut down the drawing room windows, and close the door."

He then stepped down into the garden, walked round to the horse stables, and after a few minutes' absence came back to the drawing room with both hands tightly clasped. Placing himself in the centre of the drawing room, he opened his hands, and out flew two large blue bottle flies, and buzzed around the room for a second or two. But presently one of them alighted on a certain plank of the floor, and was almost immediately followed by the other.

"Now, then," said the visitor, "take up that board, and I'll engage that the dead rat will be found beneath it."

The carpenters applied their tools, raised the board, and at once found the cause of the unpleasant smell.

Mabel and the little girls found a nest full of young birds. Mabel said the "birds had all bloomed out, and they were covered with white plush."

A Cattle Queen.

Some of the wealthiest and most successful owners of cattle in the far West are women. A Denver lady, who was a clerk in a sewing-machine office fifteen years ago, is now the owner of herds valued at more than one million dollars. She recently gave the University of Denver one hundred thousand dollars.

"Hare and Hounds."

"What shall we do?" the children said,
By the spirit of frolic and mischief led,
Frank and Lulu and Carrie, three
As full of nonsense as they could be;
Who were never known any fun to stop
Until they were just about ready to drop.

Frank, whose "knowledge box" surely abounds
With games, spoke up for "Hare and Hounds."

"Down the cellar, or up the stair,
Here and there, and everywhere,
You must follow, for I'm the Hare!"

Lulu and Carrie gave quick consent,
And at cutting their papers and capers went,
For the stairs were steep, and they must not fail
To have enough for a good long trail.

Away went the Hare
Right up the stair,
And away went the Hounds, a laughing pair;
And Tony, who sat
Near Kitty, the cat,

And was really, a dog worth looking at,
With a queer grimace
Soon joined the race,
And followed the game at a lively pace!

Then Puss, who knew
A thing or two,

Prepared to follow the noisy crew,
And never before or since, I ween,
Was ever beheld such a hunting scene!
The Hare was swift; and the papers went
This way and that, to confuse the scent;
But Tony, keeping his nose in air,
In a very few moments betrayed the Hare,
Which the children told him was hardly fair.

I cannot tell you how long they played,
Of the fun they had, or the noise they made;
For the best of things in this world, I think,
Can ne'er be written with pen and ink.
But Bridget, who went on her daily rounds,
Picking up after the "Hare and Hounds,"
Said she didn't mind hearing their lively capers,
But her back was broke with the scraps o' papers.

Carrie, next day, couldn't raise her head;
Frank and Lulu were sick in bed;
The dog and the cat were a used-up pair,
And all of them needed the doctor's care.
The children themselves can hardly fail
To tack a moral upon this trail;
And I guess on rather more level grounds
They'll play their next game of "Hare and Hounds."

Stampeding an Army Corps.

ROBBING A FARMER'S BEE-HOUSE.

One bright warm day in the fall of '63 while the Sixth corps lay at Warrenton, Lieut. Sam.—, of Mt. Holly, quartermaster of one of the regiments in the New Jersey brigade, was detailed for foraging duty, and started off early in the morning for an alleged land of milk and honey, lying over back of New Baltimore. The article he was after was hay for the mules and horses, but his men, like any other soldiers on a foraging expedition, considered their first duty was to look out for themselves and secure everything that would please their stomachs.

About noon the party struck a good hay country, and soon had the wagons loaded. Sam and the officers of the guard went off to secure dinners, leaving the men to their own devices, with a general understanding that the train would start as soon as the mules had eaten.

Individual foraging was at once in order, and the men scattered all around the country for a mile or more. They came back laden with pigs, sheep, chickens, apples, potatoes, onions, and many other things. One party, however, had a special streak of luck. They found a deserted farm-house, in the garden of which was a bee shed with six fine large "skips," well filled with honey. A "skip," by the way, is a hive of straw rope, wound around in the shape of a cone, and furnished with

a wooden bottom, close to which is a hole for the passage of the bees. The weather was cool enough to render the bees about half dormant. The men were not well posted in the ways of bees, and felt dubious about the advisability of disturbing the industrious insects. At length an Irishman in the party suggested:

"We'll carcumvint thim jist. We'll plug up their doors, bedad."

No sooner said than done. With mud from a little brook near, the holes were plugged, and the "skips" loaded, with a couple of men in charge of each, on top of the loads of hay. Soon after the train started on its leisurely jolting way, the men lying near the hives to keep them from rolling off. The warmth of the sun, the heat of the men's bodies, and the jolting of the wagons all combined to wake up the bees in anything but an amiable frame of mind. Nothing of note, happened, however, until just as the train was toiling up the long hill into Warrenton, where the Eleventh corps lay on one side of the road, and a big horse corral on the other. The mud plug in one of the "skips" dried up until it was too small for the hole and dropped out. It was followed by about half a peck of the maddest bees in the Old Dominion.

"Whoopety," yelled the two men in charge, as they rolled off the load of hay, "they're out! Look out for 'em!"

The bees wasted no time, but went to business at once on everything they struck. The men ran howling in among the Eleventh corps Dutchmen with a detachment of bees after them, and in a moment there was a Dutch pandemonium. The hive rolled off the wagon and burst, giving a half bushel more bees a chance to take a hand in, which they at once improved, among the mules in the train and the horses in the corral. The train mules ran away, spilling more hives of angry bees. The Eleventh corps ran down to the road to see what was the matter, and ran back and all over the camp, escorted by a detachment of bees. In less than a minute there was a howling wilderness on the hillside below Warrenton that defied all description. The corral horses, mad with pain, were careering wildly through the camp of the Third corps, while in the Eleventh corps the men were just crazy. The bees got into Gen. Howard's headquarters and took possession; they chased Gen. Birney and his staff across the fields. For an hour confusion reigned, and then commenced the work of gathering up the wrecked train and scattered horses, while a few thousand very angry men sat beside the neighboring brook poulticing their swollen hands and faces with mud, and vowing vengeance on the fools who had no more sense than to steal beehives. —*Newark Call.*

[It is said that bees might be made about as effective as cannon in breaking up a mob.—EDITOR.]

A Collie Dog.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Our dog is young, possessed of great beauty, and is also very intelligent. The master of the family, Dr. P., left home for a few days, and was followed to the stage by "Collie," showing in his dog fashion much sorrow at the parting and strong determination to follow. The next day the family went into a room where the dog had never been allowed to enter. Unnoticed, Collie had followed. At once our attention was arrested by the violent whining and barking of the dog. He had discovered an oil painting, a portrait of Dr. P., hanging high over the piano. Collie was painfully struggling to reach the picture, fore paws on the piano, and looking around with beseeching eyes asking us to assist him. He had to be forcibly removed from the room. He then laid down at the threshold of the room door and refused to move or to let us enter. A few hours after he was found lying asleep before the portrait, having found his way into the room through another door.

[The above is sent by one of the best friends of our Society, and does credit to the artist who painted the portrait. EDITOR.]

The Admiral's Horse.

As every one knows, Admiral Van Ruyter's fame was world-wide and well-deserved, a fact which naturally caused much envy and jealousy. The generals in the army were particularly unpleasant toward Ruyter, and tried in every way to vent their spleen against him. At last they devised a trick by which they thought to make Ruyter ridiculous in the eyes of others.

Once when his vessel was lying at anchor, and Ruyter had gone to Amsterdam, where he was the admiration of young and old, one of the generals invited him to dinner in company with all the principal officers and nobility of the place.

After dinner, the host proposed that they should go to his summer residence, some three or four miles out of the city, to drink coffee and smoke, and accordingly horses were ordered to carry the guests thither.

The general knew perfectly well that Ruyter had never been on horseback in his life, and did not know how to manage a horse, so he thought it would be a splendid opportunity to take his revenge on the poor admiral by allotting him the most high-spirited and unmanageable horse that could be found.

Although Ruyter did not care about mounting the animal, yet he made no remark, as he saw that no carriage was to be had.

The company of horsemen went quietly through the town, and for a time all went well in spite of the sailor's uneasiness, which was visible to every one and caused much amusement. Soon, however, the animal next to that of the admiral, on which the general was mounted, began to trot, and finally went off into a gallop, the poor unfortunate Ruyter's beast following suit.

His hat fell off, but he held on by both hands to the saddle, and grasped the horse with his knees as tightly as he could. But it was all in vain, and presently he was thrown to the ground, where he lay smothered in the dust.

Had his companions not respected the feelings of the fallen man, they would doubtless have burst into peels of laughter. Happily, Ruyter was uninjured by his fall, and able to proceed to the house on foot. However, although his sharp eyes soon perceived by the expression on the faces of the company that his misadventure had been preconceived with a view to making him appear ridiculous, he wisely refrained from giving vent to his conjectures; so before the company separated, when he had driven back to the city in a hired vehicle, he invited them all to a feast on board his vessel.

When the guests arrived on the appointed day they found the deck converted into a garden, tastefully decorated with plants and ferns, and a canopy covered the whole. Down the centre of the deck was a table, already laid. The yards and every corner of the vessel were manned by the sailors dressed in their Sunday best, who greeted every fresh guest with a thundering hurrah! In order to make the entertainment in no way inferior to that given by the general, Ruyter had provided musicians, who played during the feast.

The meal being ended the admiral rose from his seat, filled his glass, and requested every one to do the same.

On their all rising he cried out—"Drink to the health of the States General; to the welfare of our Fatherland: and of its army and navy."

At that moment, as if with one stroke, a hundred and twenty cannons were discharged under the feet of the assembled guests. The ship tottered and trembled in every beam, and whilst the naval officers stood as firm as rocks, all the military officers were precipitated to the deck.

Ridiculous as the spectacle was, no one laughed, although the inclination to do so must have been very strong. When the pale and punished guests were assisted to their feet, the admiral stepped up to the general, and smiling, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, "This is my horse."

—*Berlin Zeitung.*



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith at two cents each.

Number of Bands of Mercy.

Whole number of Bands of Mercy to July 27, 5,057 with over 319,110 members.

American Teachers' Bands of Mercy.

- 555. Ellendale, Dak. Prairie Band.
- 5047. P., Michael Keough.
- S., Clara Gilbertson.
- 556. Tripoli, Iowa. Lincoln School Band.
- 5048. P., Ethel Sweet.
- S., Ezra Cook.
- 557. Wallacebury, Ark.
- 5050. P. & S., Robt. E. Wood.

Other Bands.

- 5049. Atlanta, Ga. Whittier Band.
- P., Bessie Panchen.
- V. P., Minnie G. Hall.
- S., Grace Panchen.
- 5051. Washington, D.C. Waugh Band.
- P., Mrs. Helen Shepherd.

The Horse that Turns Around.

[From "Humane Educator."]]

Her name is Fanny Morgan, and she lives in Kentucky,—near a race-track. But she moves in an entirely different circle of society from the high-flyers there. She is a pretty amiable creature with soft eyes, and a long tail, and of a dark bay color. She don't wear blinders or a tight check-rein, or any other instrument of torture, and in consequence

"She is gentle, she is kind
But you'll never, never find"

a better friend than Fanny Morgan. Well, she often takes two ladies driving along the roads through the Kentucky hills, and if you could see the air of patronizing condescension with which she does it, you would be amused. Yes, you can tell by the way she whisks her tail, and bobs her head up and down that she has a supreme contempt for the driving abilities of these two ladies. So she generally has things pretty much her own way as to gait, speed, etc.,—expressing her disapproval of bridges, and stopping to crop a tempting bunch of tall grass by the wayside whenever she pleases.

But it seldom happens that she takes things so entirely into her own hands, so to speak, as she did the other day. Now, these ladies can drive beautifully as long as it is a question of going straight ahead,—but when it comes to turning around,—*c'est une autre chose!* Ah, Fanny knows this weak point as well as they do themselves. Many is the time she has been obliged to go on and on, much against her will until they came to a place in the road wide enough for the buggy to be turned by these two incompetents. Once,—speak it softly, oh, my friends,—when driving on a narrow cross-road, the ladies were obliged to turn her into a neighboring field to accomplish the feat.

The ignominy of this depressed Fanny's spirits dreadfully. So, as I was saying, the other day she took matters into her own hands and taught them how to do it herself. Her mistresses were meandering along a delightful highway where glimpses of the river showed through the trees, and where the air was brisk and fresh from the high hills, and were enjoying it very much indeed. But Fanny seemed to be as much opposed to this way of getting along as Aunt Betsy Trotwood; and so, when one of the ladies got out to pick a bunch of nuts by the wayside, she seized the opportunity and forthwith commenced to turn the buggy around after the most manly and scientific methods. She paid no attention whatever to the protests of the astonished lady who had hold of the lines; but first with a little curve, and then a backward three-cornered kind of a movement, then another little curve, and lo! the result was accomplished. Then she immediately stopped again and turned her head back and looked out of the corner of her eye, as much as to say, "There, la-

dies, the drive has extended to the proper limits—it is time to be going home, and henceforth I will attend to this turning around business myself." I don't want you to think the act was achieved in a bungling accidental manner, as though she wanted to run off, or was only impatient; oh! no, it was entirely too completely and deliberately done for that, and was simply an example of animal intelligence and sagacity.

The ladies were so delighted and dumbfounded at her trick, that they decided to let her have her own way—indeed, to tell the truth, they could not have turned back again just there to have saved their lives, as the place in the road was entirely too narrow for them. Fanny has been somewhat spoiled since this, and is rather inclined to try her accomplishment when she thinks she has gone far enough.

Last week she took the ladies to call on an old friend, where the drive in front of the house describes a half moon from gate to gate. The lady of the house came out to see her guests off, and to open the gate at the opposite end of the crescent. They were talking of Fanny, and her mistresses were telling of what she had done, when she took it into her head to turn around again and save the hostess the trouble of a walk. With the same careful calculation of space, the same clean curves of the wheels it was done, and she stopped and looked back again for the praise and approval which the laughing ladies gave. Let me say that on both of these occasions there was but one lady in the buggy and Fanny knew very well which one it was. A. H.

A Lucky Dog.

"Johnny, what were you saying to that dog?" asked a Texas mother of her little boy.

"I was just talking to him. I told him, 'You have a good time of it. You don't have to wash your face, or comb your hair, and you don't even have to go to school.'"

—Texas Sayings.

My Pets.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]]

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

Dear playmates of childhood,
And in ripper years
My friends and companions,
In joy and in tears.

What comfort in sorrow,
What deep, faithful love,
Sincere and unselfish,
All interest above.

And now that life's sunset
Is glowing before,
And its bark is fast nearing
The wide golden shore,

Not least 'mid the bright hopes
That throng round my way,
And herald the dawning
Of a sunny day,

Is the joy of yet meeting
The dumb friends I love:
That they have some part
In the mansions above.

That some gracious heaven
Ingathers them all,
Where they roam, free and happy,
At least within call.

It would hardly be heaven
If they were not there,
Who, in loving communion,
My daily life share.

They give generous service,
True, faithful and kind;
And waiting to greet me
My pets I shall find.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1885.

The Monthly Meeting.

At Directors' July meeting President Angell reported several gifts to the Society; the employment of another agent at the beaches on Sundays; 168 complaints of cruelty dealt with during the past month; 38 animals taken from work; 65 mercifully killed; and the careful inspection of 325 fish and grease peddlers' horses. One case was against a butcher for cruelty to a sick cow, which he bought for \$3, and dressed and sold the meat.

A new Society P. C. A. has been established at Atlanta, Ga., with the Mayor as President. There are now 5,051 Bands of Mercy. Rev. Mr. Timmins is at work in England. One English society of children numbers about 80,000, all pledged to treat animals kindly, to feed the birds in winter, and never to take the eggs from the nest of any useful bird.

Rev. Thomas Timmins.

We are glad to learn from the July *Zoophilist* that Mr. Timmins has been cordially welcomed to London by the committees of the anti-rvivisection societies and several religious bodies, and had at the date of publication already addressed several thousands of people in aid of forming Bands of Mercy. There is no more effective plan in the world just now, for striking at the roots of all cruelty, than enlisting the children of the world in Bands of Mercy, which will not only educate them, but their fathers and mothers also, in thoughts and deeds of kindness, mercy and protection to all living creatures, both human and dumb. We think every man who cares for the welfare of his own race or the lower animals should bid Mr. Timmins God-speed in his noble mission.

Atlanta, Georgia.

We are glad to announce the formation of a Humane Society P. C. A., and P. C. C. at Atlanta, Georgia, from which we have received several interesting letters. Its President is the Mayor of the city, and on its Executive Committee we are glad to notice the name of Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney, a Vice-President of our Massachusetts Society.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Friends of our work will be glad to know that we learn by letter from Prest. Leonard H. Eaton, that the Pittsburgh Society has recently received two legacies of \$1,000 and \$5,000.

The Largest Prosecuting Society in the World.

The Calcutta Society prosecuted last year 6,349 cases, and obtained 6,251 convictions. During the past five years it has prosecuted 23,050 cases, and obtained 21,039 convictions.

His Excellency the Right Honorable the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy and Governor General of India is at its head. The Honorable Mr. Justice Field, its acting President, and Amrita Lall Mittra, Esq., honorary Secretary.

It is hard sometimes to speak a pleasant word when the shadows rest on our hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing good to another.

England.

We are glad to learn by letter from Captain William L. B. Coulson, of Blenkinsopp Castle, Carlisle, of great success of Bands of Mercy in his vicinity. From an interesting account in an English paper we take this:

With a view to bringing the various branches of the Haltwhistle Band of Mercy together for a day, in order that they might receive mutual encouragement from a knowledge of their combined strength, Capt. Coulson decided a short while ago to hold a demonstration. After careful consideration, it was arranged that the members should come by special train to Newcastle on Saturday from the following places: Greenhead, Haltwhistle, Featherstone, Bardon Mill, Haydon Bridge, Fourstones, Acomb, Hexham, and North Tyne. Altogether about fifteen hundred persons travelled by the special train, and of this number no fewer than from eight hundred to a thousand are members of the Haltwhistle Band of Mercy. On reaching the Central Station at about a quarter past ten, the party formed into processional order, and headed by the band of the Haltwhistle Rifle Volunteers marched to the Cathedral. The leading banner bore the inscription "Haltwhistle Band of Mercy," and the appropriate motto, "Kind hearts are more than coronets." Other banners bore inscriptions inculcating similar sentiments. As they proceeded to the Cathedral, the procession attracted the attention of large bodies of people, and the streets were lined along the whole of the route. A more pleasing sight than that of the rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed country lads and lasses in their holiday attire is rarely witnessed in the thoroughfares of a busy city like Newcastle. Amongst the processionists, too, were men and women whose membership of the Band of Mercy must prove one of its surest guarantees of success. The Cathedral was filled almost up to its utmost capacity by members of the party, who were of course joined by large numbers of townspeople. A special choral service was provided for the occasion, and then followed an address by the Vicar on "Our Duty to Animals." Canon Lloyd, who has taken a warm interest in the movement for the protection of animals, delivered a simple, earnest and eloquent appeal on behalf of the dumb creatures. From the Cathedral, the party proceeded to the Museum, where they inspected all the many objects of interest. Thence they marched to Jesmond Dene, to spend the afternoon amongst its floral and scenic beauties. Tea was provided in the banquetting hall, kindly lent for the occasion by Sir William Armstrong. On being called together by bugle at the Banqueting Hall, the children were addressed by Mr. W. D. Stephens, and Mr. John Lucas, who expressed their approval of the object of the Band of Mercy, and urged them to continue in the good work to which they had pledged themselves. On the motion of Mr. John Lucas, a vote of thanks to Capt. Coulson was carried by three hearty cheers. Capt. Coulson, in responding, said that he had received sufficient reward from viewing the happy faces around him, and also from a feeling that the Band of Mercy was achieving its object of securing kind treatment for dumb creatures. Three cheers were given for Mrs. Coulson, and the children then formed into procession. Headed by the band of the Newcastle Police Force, they returned to the Central Station, leaving at 6 p.m. for home by special train.

Mrs. Catherine Smithies, Founder of the English Bands of Mercy.

In letter dated London, Sept. 8th, 1875, to the Editor of this paper, writes:—"By seeking to make cruel men kind, we are preparing the way for the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is the one with pleasant words on his lips to whom the stranger in a strange land turns for advice and direction in his perplexities.

"Dat Horse Runs Away Sometimes."

While at Jacksonville, Florida, we were invited to join a picnic on a beautiful island near the mouth of the St. John's river. On landing from the steamboat the duty assigned me was to drive a horse hitched to an express wagon, with six ladies inside on the hay, another one side of me on the high seat and a colored boy the other side.

As we started off on a shell road almost as hard and smooth as a house floor, the horse, a strong animal, began to neigh, quicken his speed and show in various ways the effect of the invigorating ocean air. About a mile out he began to pull hard on the reins, and the colored boy made the pleasant announcement, "You must hold dat horse tight for dat horse runs away sometimes." Six ladies, several of them elderly, on the hay in the wagon; a seventh on the high seat by my side; a road smooth as a house floor, and a horse "dat runs away sometimes!" I gave a quick, sharp pull to bring him up, when instantly my right hand rein broke in the middle, one part in my hand, the rest dangling over his harness. I had but a moment to think, and pulling sharp on the left rein, brought him in another moment into the soft marsh by the side of the road where he sank nearly to his belly, and then jumped in myself to hold him. The wagon was anchored at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with two wheels in the marsh and two on dry land, and six ladies on the hay were clinging to the upper half for dear life.

We finally got out of the scrape safely, nobody hurt, and the horse with mended harness performed the rest of his journey, but most of the ladies concluded they would take another conveyance, and will, I suspect, to their dying day retain the conviction that somehow or other it was all my fault, and that in future they will be very careful about entrusting themselves to the driving of any President of a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

G. T. A.

All About Canary Birds.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I notice with pleasure that my favorite pet—the canary—is becoming more popular every year in our city, and I trust your readers will permit a few hints in regard to the care of them, gleaned from the experience of one who has kept them for over a quarter of a century.

Give your birds plenty of natural, pure and wholesome food, including lettuce, chick weed, plantain-rod, and pepper grass. Do not give them salted or greasy food, nor dainties, such as sugar, sweetmeats, cake, etc. Occasionally supply them with a bit of hard-boiled egg, coarse bread crumbs, and a cracker. A piece of cuttle shell should always be supplied. Don't starve them on poor canary seed; be sure that the rape seed is pure, and not, as is often put up in the bird-seed packages, simply turnip seed. Hemp seed is heating and should be given sparingly, except in the spring and in the moulting season—usually July, August and September. When moulting, a little saffron or a lump of refined liquorice in their drinking water will prove beneficial. A bathing cup should be furnished them, and fresh water should be given twice daily. The cage should be cleansed with scalding water frequently to avoid vermin, and the bottom covered with clean gravel. A rusty nail placed in the drinking cup occasionally is a preventive of disease. Never place your birds in the direct rays of the hot sun, or in a draught. The largest bird dealer in the United States informed the writer that thousands of canaries die annually from the effects of draughts to which they are subjected by hanging in windows and door ways. The canary is a more hardy bird than is popularly supposed; they can endure cold weather better than draughts of air.

Remember that care, good food and instruction will improve their song and add to their enjoyment as well as your own. Remember, too—to quote the words of another—"that as I believe in an omniscient God, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, so I believe that I shall be held accountable for the happiness or unhappiness I may bring into this little bird life that God has kindly given to make my life happier."—EUDORA.

—Atlanta Journal.

On the Farm.

Yes, here I am, sitting by the window of a cosy farmhouse. Charlie, a bright little fellow of four years, has just come from the pasture, driving the cows and oxen, and now here they are safe in the barnyard. Charlie must have a cup of sweet milk to pay him for his trouble.

And then, just see the troops of chickens! Some are as white as pond-lilies, and some are as black as ink. The mother-hen seems proud of her children, and lets them jump on her back, and run under her wings. She scratches for them, and, when she finds a worm, she makes a queer noise, which means, "Come, children, supper is ready." Then how fast they all run to see which will get to supper first!

And then there are larger ones running about, full of fun and frolic, chasing each other, like boys playing tag, jumping, and flapping their wings as if they liked the sport. Now, two of them stop, and point their bills at each other. Are they going to fight? Naughty chicks, you must be put to bed without another worm.

There is a big gobbler, strutting around like a king among a lot of modest turkeys. Near them are guinea-hens, peaked at both ends. What a horrid noise they make, and what odd-looking babies they have!

Soon they will all go to bed: the guinea-hens will get on the top of the barn; the turkeys on the highest part of the apple-trees, out of the way of the foxes; the hens on the roost; and the mother-hen will sly away in some safe place, and cuddle her babies under her wings.

But they will wake up early in the morning to welcome the bright sun again.

—J. N. N.

The Fox Hunt.

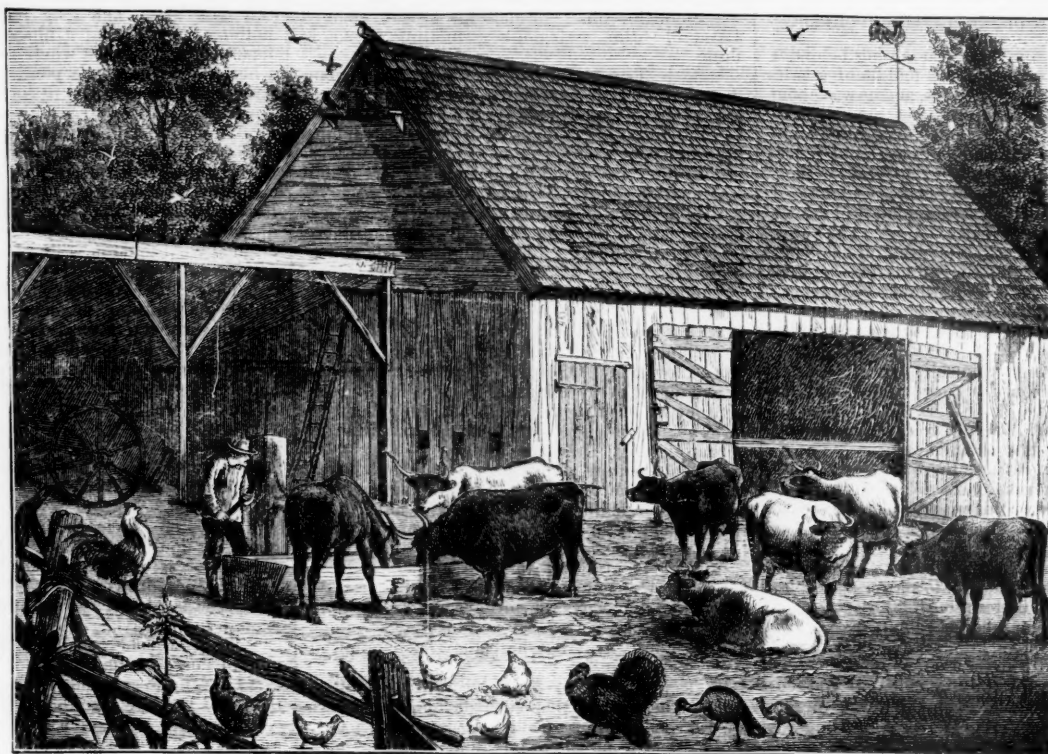
DEDICATED TO THE MELBOURNE (NEW SOUTH WALES) HUNT CLUB, AND TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

There were fifty bandy-legged tailors, plying their needles and thread,
Making fifty dandified coats of superfine scarlet red;
And fifty more employed making their thousands of stitches,

Fabricating fifty pairs of tight-fitting buckskin breeches.
A host of eccentric bootmakers at work in sundry shops,
Making fifty pairs of high leather boots, with beautiful cream-colored tops;

Saddlers constructing saddles out of the skins of hogs,
And glovers making gloves out of the hides of dogs.
Blacksmiths, whip and spur makers, and constructors of velvet caps;

Hatters, and undertakers (wanted by-and-by perhaps)—
And in hopes of getting a job preparing on spec, no doubt;
And I'll tell you, presently, what all this work was about.



ON THE FARM.

There were fifty noble steeds in stables warm and secure,
That by comparison would be palaces to the poor;
And each of these noble animals was worth many hundred pounds!

They'd each their paid attendants, and recreation grounds.
There were fifty noble dogs, there might have been more or less,

Bred and kept up at a price that would succor much human distress.

There were fifty noble gentlemen, whose ancestors had fought

At Waterloo, or perhaps Cressy, or even Agincourt,—
On a dull October morning turned out of their beds so soon

(Had it been to do anything useful, they would'n't have turned out till noon);

They donned these gay habiliments, they mounted these prancing steeds,

And proclaimed aloud their bold resolve to do some valiant deeds.

Then they galloped away, a grand cavalcade of dogs, horses, and men—

You'd have sworn each man was prepared to beard the lion in his den!

And they rode till they came to a scrubby heath, did this undaunted throng,

And turned out of a hole a poor little wretch hardly two feet long;

They bravely pursued the terrified brute, o'er heather, o'er hill and dale!

They caught and worried the thing to death, and then—
cut off his tail!

—Animal World.

A Texas man made a bet that he could invent a question to which fifty people would give the same answer. He won the bet. The question was.

"Have you heard that Smith has committed suicide?"

The answer in each case was:

"What Smith?"

—Texas Siftings.

How a Fox Got Away From Hunters.

(Leisure Hour.)

A well known member of Parliament and M. F. H. recently related to us the following, which, being strictly true, may not be without interest to our readers.

In the year 18—, the huntsman of the Wirrall (Cheshire) Harriers had a young fox offered to him by a laboring man, and effected its purchase for the modest sum of thirty shillings. He immediately set about making arrangements for a day's run with the Harriers with all the enthusiasm of an old fox-hunter, and gloried in the prospect of a rattling burst across country. But just as everything was

settled a severe frost set in and continued for more than a month, so that all prospect of sport was at an end. Meanwhile, however, the fox must of course be fed, and this duty devolved upon the huntsman, who made him as comfortable as a fox in confinement could possibly be. He soon became quite the pet of the household and the children grew so fond of the funny little fellow with his bright eyes and kittenish ways that they could not bear the thought of parting with him, and Reynard himself seemed to feel quite at home, in blissful ignorance of the future. Even the huntsman himself grew quite attached to him, and when at last the frost broke up, it was with very different feelings to those he had previously entertained that he had set about the preparations for the run. In due time, however, the field assembled, huntsmen and hounds all the more eager for the enforced delay. A "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," the landscape glittering with the morning dew, and gay with scarlet and green.

The fox was turned out, and after a few minutes' "grace" the whole field started in hot pursuit. Poor Reynard soon took in the situation, and with that cunning for which he is celebrated, not unmixed with a certain other quality with which he is not usually credited—I mean trustfulness of disposition—he doubled upon his pursuers and made straight for the horses. With wonderful sagacity, considering his terror and distress, he singled out his quondam friend, the huntsman, and, without a moment's hesitation, which would have cost the poor brute his life, for he was then almost in the very jaws of the dogs, he leaped upon the saddle, and nestled closely against his red-coated protector. His panting breath and piteous eyes were too much for the heart against which his own was beating, and his life was spared. Under these circumstances the hunt was abandoned, and Master Reynard was reprieved. He was once more installed as the family pet.

"The whole creation waiteth for the Redemption!"

"Which Way Shall I Run?"

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, IN "GOOD CHEER."

He was very happy. He was sitting behind a huckleberry-bush, right in the middle of a half-acre patch of huckleberry-bushes, and he was about twenty rods from the steep bank of the old mill-pond. He was an uncommonly fat and fine-looking rabbit. It is very much the custom of elderly rabbits to rest themselves in that way, in their spare time, but there suddenly came a change of expression upon his face. Some kind of doubt or trouble had been suggested to him. You could see how it was by the eager pointing of his long ears, and by the way he hugged his fore-legs so closely to him. His bright, timid-looking eyes were asking questions of all the huckleberry-bushes around him, and not one of them made him any answer.

What he was saying to himself, was:

"O dear me! if only I knew which way to run!"

Just then a clear, ringing voice, from away over beyond the bushes, shouted out:

"Jim do you really s'pose there are any rabbits in this patch, at this time o' day?"

"Jim," chirruped a thinner kind of music at the left-hand border, "I guess Tripp's found a rabbit. Just hear him bark!"

"Jim," called out a soft voice, with a laugh in it, further to the right: "Ponto's after a rabbit. He's pawing for him under a bush."

"Four of 'em," remarked the rabbit. "No, six of 'em, and two are dogs."

"Larry," shouted Jim, at that moment, in the loudest voice yet, "keep on that side. If you see one drive him towards me. If you don't he might get away."

"Which way shall I run?" groaned the rabbit. "They're everywhere."

There was no kind of fair play about it, to tell the truth. It would hardly have been fair if there had been six rabbits instead of one, and if all of them had been very large and very fierce.

"Sally," he heard a girl say, "have you seen one yet?"

"No, Nell, I haven't, and I don't believe there's a rabbit here, and I'm ever so glad there isn't. We might scare him awfully."

"So we might, but I would just like to see one."

"Jim," said Larry, "if a rabbit should come after you, don't you run. Don't be afraid of one rabbit."

"Never you mind about me. But, I say, if a rabbit showed any pluck, he could chase that Trip dog of yours out of the lot."

There was no pluck at all in the rabbit behind the huckleberry-bush. There was nothing in him, at that moment, but all manner of shapes of the one great question. One of the shapes it took was: "I wish I knew which was most dangerous to a rabbit like me, a boy or a girl, or a dog. I'd know which way to run if I did."

"Nell," shouted Sally, "look under every bush. They might hide."

"I guess they won't wait to be looked for, and it's of no kind of use to look for any berries."

"They were all gone, months and months ago. There's nothing at all to find here unless it's a rabbit."

"That's me," said the little fellow behind the bush in the middle. "I'm a rabbit. But what can they all want of me? I don't want anything of any of them. If only I knew which way to go I'd run."

"Bow-wow-ow-oof-oof," away to the right, and there was Ponto, pawing hard at a spot upon which he was ready to declare there had at some time been a rabbit. There was nothing at all of a rabbit about him. Not only were his ears uncommonly short for a dog of his size, but he was white-coated and bow-legged, and the brass collar around his fat neck was of the very largest size they sold in the hardware store. Even then there was danger that one of his big barks might get stuck under that collar, some day, and he had to

cut them all short to be safe.

"Smell for him! Smell for him!" shouted Larry. "Jim, your dog's a-smelling for something."

"So is Trip," said Nelly. "and he's a-going down into the ground after it. He's got in up to his shoulders a'ready; he can't even bark."

"Rabbit-hole!" said Jim, as he came running up to the spot where Trip was working. "Why, no, it isn't. It's an old woodchuck's hole. There isn't anything in it. Trip, come out—"

"He'll be safer out of it," said Nelly, with a long breath. "It's big enough to hold all there is of him. Besides, there might be something there."

The moment Trip was pulled out he began to bark again.

"That must be a very small dog," said the rabbit to himself, "but what can he want of me? I don't know him. O, dear! They're coming closer and closer every minute. They're looking behind every bush in the patch and they'll get to this one before long. Just hear the dreadful bark of that big dog. It sounds hungry!"

It would require a very large huckleberry patch indeed, and one made expressly for the purpose, to hold four children, two dogs, and any known rabbit. The little chap in the middle of this patch began to feel his heart beating harder and harder.

"I'd not be afraid of them at all," he said to himself, "if they would only all come in one way, or even in two ways, or three ways, or even in three-and-a-half ways, so I could run away in one of the other ways; but here they are coming in every which way."

It seemed to him, from all the noise made among the bushes, that each of his six hunters must be coming in a good many ways at once. It was a dreadful puzzle to him, and he never once so much as thought of flying. In fact he did not happen to have any wings with him. It was altogether too late to think of digging, although he understood that business pretty well, and the earth was there right under him, where he sat.

"Sally! are there any rabbits over where you are?"

"No, Nelly; there isn't a single rabbit here, and I'm glad there isn't, only I'd like to see one."

"That's so," remarked the little chap behind the middle bush. "They all want to see me. If I knew which way to run, I wouldn't care twenty-five cents if they did see me."

"Bow-wow-ow-oof-oof!"

"Boys! Girls! Rabbit! Rabbit!"

"Yerp! yerp! yerp!" yelled Trip, and at that very moment Ponto tumbled clean over, in a sudden effort he made to catch that rabbit.

The big dog had blundered right against the middle bush, and now the rabbit had no more time left him to do any thinking in. He sprang right away without any thought at all. He went straight under Ponto, and over Jim's left foot, and between Nelly and Trip. Perhaps that was as good a path as any he could have taken to get away from behind the middle bush, but it carried him within a few steps of Nelly, and she shouted to him with all her might:

"Run, Rabbit! Run! The dogs are after you! Run!"

He knew all that very well, without so much as taking a look behind him. Ponto's big body would not bend much, and it could not turn quickly, but he could gallop very well indeed in a straight line. Trip, too, after one moment of puzzled yelping and whining, had made up his mind in which direction the rabbit had gone, and was on the right track. So was Jim, and so was Larry, and little Nell only stopped long enough to say: "O, please don't hurt the rabbit!" and then she followed the rest as fast as she could run.

"Dear me," said the rabbit to himself, "they're all coming, and here's the old mill-pond right in my way. How shall I ever manage to get over that? I can't swim, and nobody knows how deep it is."

All along the edge of the steep bank of the mill pond there was a thick fringe of little "pussy

willows." Next behind these grew yarrows and tall daisy stems and long feather grass, so that nothing shorter than a nine-years-old boy could look over and see just where the bank ended, and where the water of the pond was likely to begin. The rabbit had no need to look over, for he had been there before and he knew. What he did not know now, and could not guess, was in which direction it was best to turn after he sprang through the grass and yarrow and in among the willows. He jumped away toward the left a little, because the bank sloped out in that direction, down stream, and then he was so undecided what to do next that he stopped short and sat down.

"They can't really see me, just now, but what can they all want of me," he began to remark to himself; but there came a sudden rush in the grass and a crash among the pussy willows. Then there was a loud splash in the water below, and then there came a little rush with no crash at all, and it was followed by a small yelp and a very slight splash. Then the rabbit heard Jim's voice shouting:

"Larry! Girls! They've both tumbled into the mill-pond!" and Larry answered him: "Where is that rabbit?"

"That's me," remarked the rabbit, "and I'm glad they don't know."

"Sally! Sally!" called out little Nell, "is the poor rabbit a-drowning?"

Sally was almost out of breath, but she had enough left to say:

"No, I guess he isn't; but Jim's trying to get hold of Ponto's collar."

"Pull, Jim," said Larry. "Don't choke him, though. I guess he couldn't stop himself."

"And Trip just followed him. See the little rascal swim around."

"I say, Jim, if Trip isn't hunting for that rabbit! He thinks he's in the pond, somewhere."

"I'm not there, though," said the rabbit, "and I'm glad of it, but I can't stay here. If only I knew which way I'd better run, now! O, dear!"

Nobody could have given him any good advice, just then, but he heard Ponto wheezing within ten steps of him, and that was advice enough. He made a sudden spring straight ahead, and it left the pussy willows behind him. One more jump carried him through the tall grass and the yarrows and he did not stop to look behind him. If he had looked, he might have seen four young people, with not a dog among them, nor even a rabbit, looking earnestly down into the water. Jim was lying flat, with his hand on Ponto's collar, tugging to pull him up. The children did not look behind them, either, or they would have known, for all their lives afterwards, how fast a rabbit can run when he is aiming straight for a huckleberry patch, and is thinking of a bush right in the middle of it.

"O, Ponto!" exclaimed Sally, a moment later, "you've shook a sprinkle all over me."

"Jim," said Larry, "Trip's out, but what on earth do you s'pose has become of that rabbit?"

"I guess he's hiding along here, somewhere. Let's hunt for him."

"You'll never find him again," said Sally. "He's gone."

"O, I do hope they won't," said Nelly. "But I saw him running."

"There's no use in trying for any more among those huckleberry bushes," said Larry. "We've been all through them. If there'd been another there we'd have scared him out."

"Of course we would," said Jim, "We found the only one there was."

"Such a big one!" exclaimed Nelly.

All that was very true indeed, so far as it went, but at that selfsame moment that very same rabbit was sitting, quite comfortably, behind the big huckleberry bush in the middle of the patch, and he was calmly remarking to himself:

"Here I am, and it's the safest place I know of. There ain't a boy, nor a girl, nor a dog anywhere near me. But then you see, I knew precisely in which way it was best for me to run, and

there is always a great deal in that. What should I have done and what would have become of me, if I had not known, or if I had been unsettled in my mind, or undecided, and had not acted promptly?"

The Halo.

"One London dealer in birds received, when the fashion was at its height, a single consignment of thirty-two thousand dead humming-birds; and another received at one time thirty thousand aquatic birds, and three hundred thousand pairs of wings."

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!

Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung—
Bared just for that!

Think of the others, too,
Others and mothers, too,
Bright-eyes in hat!

Hear you no mother-groan floating in air,
Hear you no little moan,—birdlings' despair,—
Somewhere, for that?

Caught 'mid some mother-work,
Torn by a hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!

Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world:
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled,—
Women want that!

Oh, but the shame of it,
Oh, but the blame of it,
Price of a hat!

Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet,—

Death: and for that!

—Rev. W. C. Gannett, in "Unity."

An Open Letter.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A rainy morning, with its accompanying east wind—cold and cheerless, though according to the almanac it was May,—I was trudging up hill in storm-cloak and overshoes, certainly not enjoying my walk to the post office, when I heard at a little distance down the road, "Get up! get along!" and a series of clucks, but no sound of wheels or hoofs. A backward glance showed only a man walking by the roadside; no horse was anywhere visible in that direction; and, aware of looking as mother used to say, "like Jemmy,"—whoever that may be—(I was not only in storm-rig, but tired and dull,) I had the vanity to think he was making fun of me. On I trudged, with some thoughts of him the reverse of complimentary; but presently saw at the top of the hill a large, handsome, black horse and pedler's wagon. On the call being repeated the horse deliberately started and walked down the hill, straight to his owner. He had left horse and wagon in front of a house while he walked on to, another, and probably to ascertain about the roads,—one was barred, owing to a broken down bridge, not in sight but a little ahead. The horse was plump, and his coat glossy, and he was evidently used to good care.

"Does the horse know enough for that?" I could not help saying when I saw the faithful creature obey his master's call so cheerfully. A gleam of honest pride shone in the man's eyes.

"Yes, ma'am," was answered; "he knows me. He will follow me anywhere. He would follow me upstairs if he could. It's kindness does it. Kindness can do anything with animals," which was none the less pleasant to hear, because the thought was not to me wholly new.

My own horses follow me anywhere, even past objects they fear; come to meet me with or without a call, eat from my hand, rub their heads on my shoulder, and lick my hand like a dog. I am absolutely safe with either of them, in the stable or on the road. And I know, to a certainty, that horses have great power of affection, are very grateful for kindness, very intelligent and obedient when their senses are not frightened out of them.

—M. J.

Pleasure.

I have a right to seek whatever pleasure I will, provided that in so doing I do not infringe the equal right of any other sentient thing that lives. But to take this pleasure at the cost of pain or injury to any other creature, human or sub-human, seems to me to be unworthy. This world has enough resources of pleasure without our coining our smiles out of the agony of other sentient things.

—Minot J. Savage.

For the Fun of It.

There are many people who indulge in fishing and gunning simply for the fun of it, not stopping to ask whether or not it be right to kill a creature for sport merely. However this may be, morally considered, the supposed fun of the thing is not unfrequently accompanied by the keenest feelings of remorse. A Boston boy, now an energetic business man in a Western city, tells the following story touching this matter:

I was floating round in my boat in the lower harbor one bright day in June, when a sea-gull, which on the wing is one of the most graceful of birds, but whose flesh is not used for food, came sailing over my head.

"What a splendid shot," I said, and, seizing my gun, I fired at him. He fell near the boat, not dead, but mortally wounded. As I drew him into the boat, suffering much agony, he turned his dying eyes upon me, as if he said, "Why did you shoot me? I have done you no harm. I was enjoying myself floating in the air, as you on the water in your boat; why did you shoot me?"

Having done what I had, it would have been merciful to end his sufferings at once, but I had no more heart for killing; and the minute that passed before he died seemed an hour to me.

The remorse for that wanton shooting preyed on my spirits for days; and the remembrance of it has most effectually cured me of any desire to kill, for the fun of it, any creature that God has made.

—Youth's Companion.

A Temperance Lesson.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Doubtless every boy and girl has seen a mouse. Many a boy has hallooed and given chase, and many a girl has screamed, frightened half out of her wits as a mouse ran across the floor. But few have stopped to admire the beauty of form and delicacy of the little creature, and perhaps fewer have taken pains to read and learn about it. The mouse is a very interesting little animal, quick and graceful in its motions, perfect in form and refined in taste, as its love for music fully proves. Writers tell us that mice have been known to imitate the notes of the canary bird, and sing quite well. However true that may be we are not prepared to say, but we have seen a mouse take its seat beside the piano day after day and listen attentively while our young friend practiced her music lesson. To the credit of the young lady be it said that she refused to have the mouse-hole in the chimney corner stopped, saying, "let it have the pleasure."

In the senses of hearing and smelling the mouse is unsurpassed by any other animal, and it sees as well, or better, by night than by day. When it finds an abundance of food which it particularly relishes it makes provision for a time of need. Seeing walnuts or filberts piled up in the most exact manner to the height of half a yard or more, and then carefully covered with paper or rags, one can scarcely believe that it is the work of a mouse.

It drinks very little water, if it can get moist food, but cannot withstand the temptation of sweet drinks. A gentle man disturbed, while writing, by a noise in his room, looked up and saw a mouse climbing the smooth leg of a little table on which were crumbs of bread and a wine-glass of aniseed. The mouse, attracted by the smell of the liquor, sprang upon the glass, bent into it and lapped greedily. The gentlemen moved, upon which the mouse jumped to the floor and disappeared; presently it returned reeling, and unable to climb the table a second time, again it sought its hole, and again returned as a drunkard to his bottle. Finally a cat appeared, and * * * * *

—L. B. U.

To Virginia Sportsmen.

There is great need that the sportsmen of Virginia take more stringent measures for the protection and preservation of her game. Especially would I like to see a stop put to the wholesale destruction of singing birds.

It does not seem to me that our need of meat is so sore, that we can afford to slaughter the half-domestic birds that build in our porch, sit in the lilac bushes, and hide in the trees and cheer us with their song, while they devour the worms and insects that infest the garden and the orchard. I think the music together with the insect-destroying propensities of robins and other singing birds should fairly entitle them "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," even in the eyes of those to whom poetry and sentiment, as well as all the associations of English literature, does not render them sacred.

—F. M. Todd, Manassas, Va.

Companions in Tent Life.

While we were all getting accustomed to the new climate it was of no use to try to keep the dogs out of my tent. They stood around, and eyed me with such reproachful looks if I attempted to tie up the entrance to the tent and leave them out. If it were very cold when I returned from the dining-tent I found dogs under and on the camp-bed, and so thickly scattered over the floor that I had to step carefully over them to avoid hurting feet or tails. If I secured a place in the bed I was fortunate. Sometimes, when it had rained, and all of them were wet, I rebelled. The steam from their shaggy coats was stifling; but the general begged so hard for them that I taught myself to endure the air at last. I never questioned the right of the half-grown puppies to everything. Our struggles to raise them, and to avoid the distemper, which goes so much harder with blooded than with cur dogs, endeared them to us. When I let the little ones in it was really comical to hear my husband's arguments and cunningly-devised reasons why the older dogs should follow. A plea was put up for "the bound that had fits"; there was always another that "had been hurt in hunting," and so on until the tent would hold no more. Fortunately, in pleasant weather, I was let off with only the ill or injured ones for perpetual companions. We were so surrounded with dogs, when they were resting after the march, and they slept so soundly from fatigue, that it was difficult to walk about without stepping on them.

—Life in Dakota, by Elizabeth B. Custer

Wade Hampton's Crow.

The story is as follows, and the authority is Senator Wade Hampton, of South Carolina:

Gen. Hampton tells me that while on his Mississippi plantation he saw a tame crow that could laugh and talk. The bird would say, "Hello!" "How are you?" and several other things of like import.

It was the most wonderful raven since the days of Barnaby Rudge and Edgar Poe. One morning a vast number of crows assembled in a tree on the plantation, and prepared for a pow-wow.

The tame bird flew among them, and saluted the congregation with a brisk—

"Hello! How are you?"

His astonished brethren scattered as if they had been fired upon with a howitzer.

This marvellous fowl of the air was to have been taken to the New Orleans exhibition, but its sudden disappearance prevented.

Gen. Hampton surmises that some negro shot him by mistake.

The raven's is not the first case of learning that has altered social conditions.

—Youth's Companion.

A young lady from the country got into one of the city cars. The vehicle had not gone far when the conductor said, affably, "Your fare, miss." The lady blushed, and the conductor repeated, "Your fare, miss." The lady blushed more deeply. By this time the conductor began to look foolish. After a pause he again repeated, "Miss, your fare." "Well," said the lady, "they do say I'm good looking."

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Humming-birds and their Nests.

Have you ever seen the Ruby-throat and its pretty nest made of buff fern-wool and covered on the outside with green and gray lichens? Did you know, that as the birds grow, the parent-birds build the nest higher? The Ruby-throat is the only humming-bird that comes as far north as New England, and it is said to venture even as far as Labrador. Its nest is the size of an English walnut, and when the birds are first hatched they are no bigger than the common honey-bee. Humming-birds are found only in the Western Hemisphere. Their home is mostly in the tropics where flowers abound, and where it is always summer. The Spangled Coquette lives in Guiana. The male bird is a beautiful creature. The tuft on his head is brownish red, and the long feathers of his collar are red tipped with brilliant green. He can raise and lower these feathers as he likes. The eagle humming-bird is a native of Bogota. All colors of the rainbow are seen in the plumage of these birds, and they flash through the air like bright jewels.

The tongue of the humming-bird is in two parts or tubes, which are separated at the tip, and the ends are formed like spoons. With this tongue it sips the honey from the flowers, and also catches minute insects just as you would pick up a piece of coal with the tongs.

The humming-bird is sometimes an umbrella-maker. A lover of birds watched a humming-bird once in a shower. She picked off a leaf and fastened it to a twig so as to entirely protect her nest from the rain. Humming-birds can be tamed. A sick lady living in California amused herself by taming a pair. She first filled some flowers with honey, and then fastened them to a tree branch. The birds came, and ate of the honey, and after a while learned to take it from her hand. But it takes a long time and patience to tame any wild creature.

The humming-bird is swift in flight, and, with its quickly moving wings, it makes the humming sound which gives its name. The Indian name for the humming-bird is "Living Beam."

—Little Men and Women.

If a thing is worth doing it's worth doing well.

Acushnet, Mass.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Mr. C— who owns a large stable, had 21 horses beside his own in it, belonging to people who came to a dance near by. About eleven o'clock he was disturbed by the furious barking of a dog belonging to the house opposite. He went out to see what had happened, and found the inside of the barn in flames. A lamp suspended from a beam had exploded and set fire to some bales of hay, and from thence had begun to burn the under side of the hay mow. A few moments more, and nothing could have saved the large barn and three story tinshop and dwelling house adjoining. But the bells were rung, the engines came, the horses were all led out uninjured, and a large conflagration prevented by the sagacity of this faithful Newfoundland.

—S. N. S.

Cases Reported at Office in June.

For beating, 18; overworking and overloading, 9; overdriving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 71; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 9; torturing, 2; driving when diseased, 4; general cruelty, 53.

Total, 168.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 57; warnings issued, 51; not found, 13; not substantiated, 29; anonymous, 7; prosecuted, 11; convicted, to one a party for whom the Society has had a warrant since May, 1882.

Animals taken from work, 38; killed, 65.

By COUNTRY AGENTS, SECOND QUARTER, 1885.

For beating, 72; overloading, 95; overdriving, 82; driving when lame or galled, 183; driving when diseased, 31; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 40; torturing, 24; abandoning, 9; general cruelty, 271.

Total, 807.

Disposed of as follows: remedied without prosecution, 748; not substantiated, 41; prosecuted, 18; convicted, 11.

Animals taken from work, 101; killed, 65.

Receipts by the Society in June.**FINES.**

From Justice's Court,—Westfield, \$5.
District Courts,—Malden, \$5. Brockton, \$3.
Municipal Court,—Boston, [3 cases,] \$20. Charlestown, \$100.
Witness fees, \$6.80. Total, \$139.80.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

D. B. Wesson, \$25; M. E. L'Hommiedieu, \$4 50; H. G. Smith, \$4.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

W. H. Haile, Wm. Brewster, Chas. Faulkner.

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Rev. Wm. Rise, H. B. Lewis, L. R. Norton, M. B. Whitney, D. L. Gillett, Reuben Noble, C. F. Shephard, H. Hooker.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Elizabeth Gibson, Anonymous, Anonymous, Chas. W. Stone.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Bessie Pinchen, Sam. Ritchie, Geo. W. Whipple, S. Albert Gregg, Geo. Whipple, H. Holland, S. S. Connor, Rodney Hart.

Total, \$253.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

E. B. Hilles, \$2; Rev. Wm. Ewing, \$1.80; E. B. Rowe, .25; W. R. Clark, .25; A. M. Roberts, .56; Anonymous, .32.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Hannah Day, Minnie A. Ball, A. C. Bisbing, Mrs. L. A. Bailey, Mrs. J. C. Howard, H. W. Bean, G. Herbert Chittendon, L. F. Ainsworth, Louise Norcross.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

G. O. Lewis, Ebenezer Francis, W. J. Wheeler, M. E. L'Hommiedieu.

Total, \$16.18.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$460; publications sold, \$14.56;

Total receipts in June, \$884.04.

A Florida Mocking-Bird.

A little child in Jacksonville, Fla., formed a friendship with a mocking-bird. The bird had built a nest in an orange grove near the piazza where the child was accustomed to play. The child discovered the nest and soon began to throw crumbs on the piazza for the bird, which, growing fearless, would come to her feet to pick up the crumbs. At length the child sickened and died. The bird missed his benefactor, and, when the body was lying in the coffin, was seen to light on the window-sill of the room and sing one of his sweetest songs. Soon after he was found dead on the piazza, whether from grief or from loss of his accustomed food no one could say. But he was laid tenderly on the coffin of the child, and they were buried in one grave.

—Christian at Work.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Humane Record. St. Louis, Mo.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Vindicator and Voiceless. Des Moines, Iowa.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
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"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies," book form, 2c. each.
Band of Mercy Register, 6 cents.
"Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.
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